Cade Yea,but I say,tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stoln away by a beggarwoman,
And was my father,and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke Nay looke you,I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.

Cade But dost thou heare Stafford,tel the King,that for his fathers sake,in whose time boies plaid at spanne-counter with French crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as he liues:marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staff. O monstrous simplicitie!

Cade And tell him,weele haue the Lord Sayes head,& the duke of Somersets,for deliuering vp the dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne,and selling the townes in France,by which meanes England hath bin maimd euer since,and gone as it were with a crouch,but that the puissance held it vp. And besides,they can speake French,and therefore they are traitors.

Staff. As how I prethee?

Cade Why the French men are our enemies,be they not? And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?
Answere me to that.

Staff. Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy,and he will pardon thee and these,their outrages and rebellious deedes?

Cade Nay,bid the King come to me and he will,and then ile pardon him,or otherwaies ile haue his crowne tel him,ere it be long.

Staff. Go Herald,proclaime in all the Kings townes,
That those that wil forsake the Rebel Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his maiestie.

exit Stafford and his men.

Cade Come sirs,saint George for vs and Kent.

exeunt omnes.

Alarums to battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine.

slaine.Then Iacke Cade againe,and the rest.

Cade Sir Dicke Butcher,thou hast fought to day most valiantly, and knockt them downe as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house,and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it was: thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score and one a weeke: drum strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter the King reading of a Letter,and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head,and the Lord Say, with others.

King Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,
And the rebels march amaine to London,
Go backe to them,and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parly with their generall.

Reade. Yet stay,ile reade the letter once againe:
Lord Say,Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowd to haue thy head.

Say. Yea,but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King How now Madam,still lamenting and mourning for Suffolks death,I feare my loue,if I had bin dead,thou wouldst not haue mournd so much for me.

Queene No my loue,I should not mourn,but die for thee.

Enter a messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord,the rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous rebel Cade, hath sworne
To crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
An Army vp,and meete with the rebells:
Come Madam let vs haste to Killingworth,
Come on Lord Say,go thou along with vs,
For feare the rebell Cade do find thee out.

Say My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me:
And therefore with your highnes leaue, Ile stay behind.

King Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:

4 And that was — 18 that my paissenes
1. alt. to the battaile